

HALO: Combat Dissolved Humorous Version

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Parody

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-06-07 20:45:18

Updated: 2005-06-21 05:29:51

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:13:40

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 7,974

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A parody of the original HALO game...what more needs be said? Rated T for language within TV limitations and mild violence.

## 1. Pillar of Gotham

Halo: Combat Devolved

Humorous Version

In Script Format

Based upon the Halo Game Script by "Wesker"

A/Nâ€"this's written as a script, since that's what I have the most experience in parodying (which is to sayâ€"not much...heh). Just for reference, (VO) indicates a voice-over.

Also...this work is rated teen+ for not-so-graphic violence, but rather graphic language...not horribly terrible, but definitely stuff you can hear on TV after 9PM.

One last thingâ€"this work is a parody of the game HALO: Combat Evolved, and as such is written under the Fair Use law as a satirical work. All trademarks, copyrights, and registered symbols are the property of their respective owners. No claim is made with regard to ownership of anything but my own irreverence.

**\*\*Chapter 1â€"the Pillar in Gotham\*\***

EXT SPACE

\_A SLOW CRAWL begins in bright blue type:\_

**\*\*HALO: Combat Devolvedâ€"EPISODE I: THE CONVENT MENACE\*\***

\*\*THE EVIL CONVENT EMPIRE, LED BY GOD-ONLY-KNOWS-WHO, HAS ATTACKED THE PEACEFUL PLANET OF RETCH, TRAINING GROUND FOR SOME OF THE UNSC'S BEST AND BRIGHTEST SPECIAL FORCES UNITS. FLEEING THE DESTRUCTION, THE \_PILLAR IN GOTHAM\_ RETREATS IN TO AN UNKNOWN STAR SYSTEM TO REGROUP.  
\*\*

\*\*WHAT THEY FIND...IS SO AMAZING, IT CAN ONLY BE DOCUMENTED ... IN A VIDEO GAME...\*\*

\_As the SLOW CRAWL disappears into the darkness of SPACE, PAN DOWN to reveal a large gas giant planet, and in orbitâ€"a massive, round BAGEL-world...FLYBY a large Human ship with fighter escort...\_

INT UNSC Heavy Cruiser \_Pillar in Gothamâ€"the BRIDGE

\_CAPTAIN MORGAN stands examining several displays. A holographic panel flares to life next to him, showing the miniature, glowing figure of the ship's AI, or Acrimonious Intelligence, For-Tuna.\_

\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*: For-Tuna...all I need to know is: did we lose them?

\*\*For-Tuna\*\*: I think we both know the answer to that.

\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*: No we don't.

\*\*For-Tuna\*\*: Yes we DO.

\_An EXPLOSION rocks the ship. MORGAN and the BRIDGE CREW grab hand holds to avoid falling. The lights dim and flicker momentarily.\_

\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*: Ok...maybe we do.

\_WHACK\_

\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*: \_Rubbing the back of his head \_What was that for?

\_FOR-TUNA brings up her hand for another holographic b--ch-slap...\_

\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*: Ok, ok...point made. So...\_looking at sheaf of papers in hand, marked "HALO: Combat Evolved Script"\_ ahem, right... We made a blind jump...how did they...

\_FOR-TUNA stares at him blankly\_

\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*: Ahem. I said, "How did they..."

\_WHACK\_

\*\*For-Tuna\*\*: \_rubbing back of her head and leafing through script\_ Oh...right. Get here first? Wait, that's a sentence fragment. Who the hell wrote this tripe, anyways? A grammar school drop-out?

\_FOR-TUNA's shapely female figure suddenly changes to a 350 lb STAR

WARS FANGEEK, complete with coke-bottle glasses, excessive body hair, and a Yoga The All-Powerful "My lightsaber you will play with" T-shirt\_

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: Oh...my...\_puts hand to mouth and holds in a retch\_

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: \_looking at new figure\_ Oh dear.

**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: \_WHACK.\_ Stick to the script.

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: Yes, my masters...

**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: Much better.

\_FOR-TUNA's Holographic HottieÂ® figure returns\_

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: ...as I was \_sayingâ€\_the Convent ships have always been faster. How they can go faster than "faster than light", I don't comprehend...maybe some writers would like to elaborate on that later in the script...

...**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: \_rearing collective hands for a ...\_

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: \_ducking\_ ...anyhow, somehow they managed, and as for tracking us from Retch? At Ludicrous Speed, my maneuvering options were limited.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: We were running dark, yes?

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: Actually, my systems log reveals a crewman in section 2-21-43L left his night light on...but that is immaterial when compared with the hole we tore in space when we decelerated. \_Nobody\_ could've missed that. They were waiting for us on the far side of the planet.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: So, where do we stand?

**\*\*Voice of Majel Barrett\*\***: You are currently on the bridge.

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: Our fighters are currently mopping up the last of their recon picket now. However, I've isolated approach signatures from multiple CCS class battle groups...make it about three ships per group. And they'll be all over us in about 90 seconds.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: Well...that does it then. Bring the ship back up to combat alert ... I want everyone at their stations.

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: \_Everyone\_, sir?

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: Yes...everyone. And For-Tuna...let's give our old friend a cold one with his welcome...

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: Oh, I've already begun.

INT \_Pillar in Gotham\_ troop bays

\_Throughout the ship, lights flash, sirens blare. Crew members run to

their posts. MARINES don armor and grab weapons from the armory as they form up by squads on the ready line. Squat, ungainly Pigeon dropships hover slowly towards their assigned landing pads. Several WortWortWortHog light recon vehicles drive through the bays towards waiting Pigeons\_

**\*\*PFC Hudson\*\***: \_running from armory to ready line next to a buff female Marine sporting a buzz-cut\_ Hey Vasquez, you ever been mistaken for a man?

**\*\*LCPL Vasquez\*\***: \_looking at him as she runs alongside\_ No, have you?

\_As the MARINES form up in platoon formation near a Pigeon landing pad\_

**\*\*SSGT Apone\*\***: Come on, WHAT ARE YOU!

**\*\*Marine Platoon\*\***: MARINES!

**\*\*SSGT Apone\*\***: Marines, here is where we show those split-chin, bug-eyed, rat-turd SOBs that they could not have picked a WORSE enemy than the human race. We are going to blow the HELL out of those dumbass bugs, until we don't have anything left to shoot em with! Then, we are going to engage the enemy, hand-to-claw...REACH down the throats, GRAB their assholes, and turn them INSIDE-OUT with our BARE HANDS! Do you read me, Marines?

**\*\*Marine Platoon\*\***: UUUUH-RAAAAH, STAFF SERGEANT!

**\*\*SSGT Apone\*\***: \_growling\_ Simply BADASSES... PACK EM IN!

\_The Marine platoon runs to a waiting Pigeon dropship and boards quickly, SSGT APONE counting them off as they enter and stow weapons and gear\_

**\*\*PVT Frost\*\***: Man, I got a baaaad feeling about this drop...

**\*\*PVT Dietrich\*\***: You always got a "baaad feeling about this drop"...

**\*\*PVT Frost\*\***: When we come home without ya, I'll write your folks.

**\*\*For-Tuna (VO)\*\***: Attention all personnel, we are re-engaging the enemy. External and internal contact is imminent.

\_Elsewhere on the Pillar in Gotham, SGT Johnson and his squad are boarding another Pigeon\_

**\*\*SGT Johnson\*\***: Well...all you greenhorns wanted to see the Convent up close...today's your lucky day!

INT Cryo Room Bâ€™Control Room

\_Two technicians are monitoring various status boards in the control room. A panel at the far end beeps, and a message is displayed:  
"For-Tuna exec order 1138-B-7THX... "Tap the Keg"\_

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: Wow...hey, look at this...

**\*\*Tech II\*\***: Right. Well, let's thaw him out.

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: OK...bringing systems on line. Cracking the case in thirty seconds...

\_Twenty-five seconds pass\_

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: \_tapping foot\_ Oh...wait, here we go...he's hot. Popping the case in five...four...three...two...one...

INT Cryo Room Bâ€"Bay

\_Down in the Cryo Bay, a cryo-capsule opens, spewing cold vapor as a figure emerges, almost seven feet tall, encased from head to toe in iridescent green armor with an inscription of "F8-XCK FEAR, DRINK BEER" painted in white on the chest plate. As the FIGURE stands and hops out of the cryo-tube, the assembled technicians jump back. As the FIGURE looks around, "AUSTIN-316" comes into view, stenciled on the side of the helmet\_

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: \_gingerly holding out a can of Budweiser\_ S-s-s-sorry about the quick thaw there, Chief, but we've got problems.

\_The helmeted head swivels directly towards the tech offering the beer...the technician takes a step back, feeling the eyes of the BASTARD CHIEF drilling into him. The CHIEF reaches out and plucks the beer can carefully from the tech's hands, extruding a straw from the underside of his helmet into the beer can, he quickly empties it and immediately crushes the empty against his helmet, tossing it aside\_

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: Hey Chief, we have to run some quick tests on your systems, make sure everything checks out. Follow me, please.

\_The TECHNICIAN walks towards the nearby target testing station, the BASTARD CHIEF following him. They run tests to ensure the suit's "look down, shoot-down" target tracking is working properly. Next there is a test of the suit's shielding system. All tests check out OK thus far\_

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: Ok, Chief, now we have to test your...

\_Another EXPLOSION rocks the ship.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna (VO)\*\***: Attention. Convent boarding craft have docked. All crewmembers, prepare to repel boarders!

INT Cryo Room Bâ€"Control Room

\_A lone TECHNICIAN monitors displays. A pounding is heard at the door, then a loud EXPLOSION. The solid titanium alloy door flies inward, hitting the TECHNICIAN and crushing him against the wall. Two CONVENT EL337Z exchange hi-fives in the doorway, then turn and leave\_

INT Cryo Room Bâ€"Cryo Bay

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: Holy sâ€"t did you see that! We gotta get out of here!

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Now wait just a damn minute here, son. Where's the weapons at? I need some guns, right quick.

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: Uhhh...good question, sir...writers?

\_WHACK\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Don't call me sir, damnit, I work for a living.

\_WHACK\_

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: \_rubbing back of head again\_ Why all the WHACKing!

**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: What'd we tell you guys about questioning the script? It's called PLOT CONVENIENCE. Now get ON with it!

**\*\*Tech I\*\***: ok...anyhow, we need to get going. And there are no weapons here...\_leafing through script\_ even though there will...be...later? After the PiG crashes on the surface of...

\_Another EXPLOSION from the hallway outside Cryo Bay Bâ€"TECH I is killed instantly by a hail of shrapnel.\_

**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: We tried to warn him...

\_Shrugging, AUSTIN-316 leaves through the hole in the wall, making his way through several tight passages before coming to an opening, wherein there is a large firefight underway between a CONVENT BOARDING PARTY and the PiG's crew\_

**\*\*Ganak the Runt\*\***: Down in front!

\_GANAK ignites and throws a plasma grenade, which due to his short stature and rear guard position in the squad, lands right on the back of the EL337 leading his squad. The EL337 pinwheels his arms and falls backwards into the rest of the squad as the grenade blows, taking them all out, with the exception of GANAK. A crewman gets to within 5 yards of GANAK and unloads a full clip from his pistol at the RUNT, missing every shot.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: \_approaching the crewman\_ Hey, since your pansy ass can't use that thing, I'll take it...

**\*\*Crewman\*\***: But Chief, they don't implement weapon trading until the sec...

\_WHACK\_

\_AUSTIN-316 picks up the MAGNUM PISTOL and AMMO from the dead crewman, as GANAK cowers in terror only yards away.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: \_looking at Ganak\_ Boo.

\_GANAK's heart explodes in his chest, and he crumples to the ground, dead. Meanwhile, the BASTARD CHIEF (now do you see why he earned that

rank?) drags the body of the crewman into the airlock where the CONVENT BOARDING CRAFT has docked, since he doesn't wish to have someone discover the body and recognize the boot-print\_. \_Facing light resistance, AUSTIN-316 makes his way to the bridge, avoiding several firefights along the way.\_

INT \_Pillar in Gotham\_ â€" Bridge

\_As AUSTIN-316 enters the Bridge, he sees CAPTAIN MORGAN in the corner, conferring quietly with the ship's Executive Officer, COMMANDER BIKER. Seeing the BASTARD CHIEF, CAPTAIN MORGAN makes his way over.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Captain Morgan.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** \_extending his hand for a handshake, immediately regretting it as the mechanical augmentation of Austin-316's GRIFFINDOR armor pulverizes the bones in his hand to a fine dust\_ Wow...some grip there, Chief. Things aren't going well...For-Tuna did her best, but we never really had a chance.

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** \_appearing on a nearby holographic pad\_ A dozen Convent battlecruisers against a single \_Handmedown\_-class heavy cruiser? With those odds, I'm content with three...make that four kills. Sleep well?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** No thanks to your driving...

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** So you DID miss me...

\_Another EXPLOSION rocks the ship...aren't you wondering how many explosions a ship can take?\_

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** Report!

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** It must've been one of their boarding parties...an it-doesn't-matter charge, I'm guessing...

**\*\*DC Officer\*\*:** Fire control for the MAC-N-Cheese cannon is off-line!

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** Captain, the MAC-N-Cheese cannon was my last offensive option.

**\*\*Random Crewman\*\*:** What're we supposed to use? Harsh language!

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Well god-damnit, I guess I'm armed to the F'in teeth!

\_EVERYONE gapes at AUSTIN-316\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** What! They show this sorta language on television all the time!

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** \_recovering his composure\_ Well, then I'm instituting the Coleslaw Protocol, Article Two. We're abandoning the \_Gotham\_...and that means you, too, For-Tuna.

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** While you do what? Go down with the ship? Raid the

liquor locker and die a happy man?

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: A little bit of both. I'm going to raid the liquor locker, then drunkenly crash the ship onto that bagel-looking thing over there--\_waves his good hand in the general direction of the Bagel\_...who knows, with all those Convent ships in the way, I might crash into a few and take them with me.

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: With all due respect, sir...this war has enough dead heroes.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: But how many have died happy and drunk?

\_FOR-TUNA makes an obvious pause, scanning her memory...\_

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: You have a point, sir. You would be the first.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: I appreciate your concern, For-Tuna, but it's not up to me. The protocol is clear: Capture of a shipboard AI is **\*\*completely\*\*** unacceptable. That means you're leaving the ship. Lock in a selection of my favorite mixed drink recipes and upload them to the ship's dispensing system...then sort yourself out for download. \_smiling\_ The history books beckon...

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: \_crossly\_ Aye, aye, sir.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: This is where you come in, Chief. Get For-Tuna off this ship, and keep her safe from the enemy. If they capture her, they'll learn everything: force deployments, weapons research, fashion design, hardest-hitting drink recipes...

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: The location of Earth?

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: Oh...right. Earth. That too.

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: ... (long pause) I understand, sir.

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: The\*\*\*\*\_Gotham\_ will continue evasive maneuvers until you initiate a drinking binge. Not that you'll listen, especially once you're hammered, but I suggest letting my subroutines handle the landing...friends don't let friends fly drunk.

\_CAPTAIN MORGAN punches in a Rum & Coke order into the drink dispenser. He takes a sip and rolls it around a moment before swallowing.\_

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\***: Excellent work, For-Tuna! Thank you. Are you ready?

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\***: \_looking around one last time\_ I'm ready. Do it.

\_CAPTAIN MORGAN punches a few keys on the holopad, and FOR-TUNA disappears. A few seconds later, a nearby screen goes blue, reading:\_

FATAL EXCEPTION ERROR"AI FOR-TUNA has experienced an illegal



operation at 0E3775F3A1, this program must be terminated. Hit any key to continue...

**\*\*Captain Morgan and Austin-316\*\*:** (simultaneously) Oh ST!

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** \_reappearing on holographic stand\_ Just kidding.

\_Simultaneous Double-WHACK\_

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** \_rubbing head\_ I guess now's not a good time to ask why the chicken crossed the road...

\_CAPTAIN MORGAN and AUSTIN-316 lock n' load another WHACK\_

**\*\*For-Tuna\*\*:** Ok, ok...humans...no sense of humor. See you on the chip side!

\_FOR-TUNA disappears from the holographic pad again, this time a chime sounds and a small blue light appears at the base of the pedestal. CAPTAIN MORGAN pulls a MEGA-RAM FLASH CARD from the pedestal and inserts it into the base of AUSTIN-316's helmet...\_

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** Good luck, Bastard Chief.

**\*\*For-Tuna (VO to Austin)\*\*:** Hmmmm...your architecture isn't much different from the \_Gotham\_'s...

**\*\*Austin-316 (to For-Tuna)\*\*:** What the...? Are you for real! That's a SHIP you were in, this's my HEAD...\_under breath\_ ya flamin dumbass.

\_Suddenly, AUSTIN-316's hand comes up reflexively and WHACKs himself in the head.\_

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** (unaware of the exchange between For-Tuna and Austin) Everything alright, Chief?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Yes, sir. Just thought I saw a fly on my visor. Let's get moving.

**\*\*For-Tuna (VO to Austin)\*\*:** Fly...hah. Just wait'll you see what happens NEXT time.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** A moment, Chief. \_holds his sidearm out, butt-first\_ Here, take this. I don't keep it loaded...

\_The CHIEF takes the pistol, reflexively loading a full clip from his ammo storage, and racks the slide, chambering a round. CAPTAIN MORGAN looks surprised.\_

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** Chief, where'd you get that ammo?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** \_helmet turreting side to side as if looking around innocently\_ I...found it? Yeah...that's it. I found it. Lying around... \_begins whistling\_

\_A BRIGHT LIGHTBULB appears over AUSTIN-316's helmet.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** \_waves his hand to the side\_ I'm not the droid you're looking for.

**\*\*Captain Morgan\*\*:** Oh...very well then. You're not the droid I'm looking for. Move along, move along.

\_AUSTIN-316 turns quickly and hurries off of the Bridge before CAPTAIN MORGAN realizes what's happened. He turns down a maze of corridors, eventually ending up in the middle of a huge firefight between Ship's Company, MARINES, and CONVENT forces.\_

**\*\*Marine One\*\*:** Wow...a Mark V... he's taller than I thought.

\_Several plasma bolts whiz past Marine 1, until one hits him in the head as he admires AUSTIN-316's armor. He crumples to the deck. As the MARINE SQUAD dives for cover, AUSTIN-316 quickly goes through the dead Marine's pockets, scavenging ammo and grenades.\_

**\*\*Marine Two\*\*:** Hey! (to his squad) Covering fire!

\_AUSTIN-316 makes his way past the firefight and continues through several corridors, meeting only light resistance, which he demolishes readily. As he rounds the corner into the mess hall, he finds another squad of MARINES engaged heavily in a FOOD FIGHT with a CONVENT BOARDING PARTY.\_

**\*\*Runt One\*\*:** Have some'a this! \_Flings a LEMON MERINGUE PIE into a wall above a MARINE's head.\_

\_A MARINE SGT tosses a MINCEMEAT pie at the EL337 COMMANDER...the pie sails over the EL337's shoulder and SPLATS harmlessly against a JACKALOPE's energy shield.\_

**\*\*Jackalope\*\*:** Fast as fast can be, you'll never hit me!

\_The EL337 COMMANDER takes an empty pie tin and frisbees it across the room, decapitating a MARINE PVT, his head rolling off and neck fountaining blood.\_

**\*\*EL337 Commander\*\*:** OWN3D! OWN3D! OWN3D!

\_AUSTIN-316 pulls the pin on a FRAG GRENADE and tosses it into the makeshift barricade the CONVENT have erected. It explodes with a WHUMP... CONVENT body parts fly and blood spatters everywhere.\_ \_The MARINES advance slowly across the room, and stop at the entrance to the next hallway. A MARINE CPL peers through the hallway, pointing his MA-5B rifle down the hall.\_

**\*\*Marine CPL\*\*:** Looks clear, Chief. Good hunting!

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Wait, you're not comin?

**\*\*Marine CPL\*\*:** Nope, sorry Chief. We got our AI limitations, you know. We ARE Marines, after all.

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Right. In that case...

\_WHACK\_

\_AUSTIN-316 strides into the hallway, hefting his new MA-5B. He walks straight, entering a locker room. As he enters, an EL337 COMMANDO jumps out right in front of him.\_

**\*\*EL337 Commando\*\***: 0WN3D, 0WN3D,

\_AUSTIN-316 cuts the EL337 down with a hail of bullets to the midsection.\_

**\*\*EL337 Commando\*\***: Got...0WN3D.

\_AUSTIN-316 turns to face the body of the MARINE CPL, laying partially in the hallway.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Clear, my ass.

\_AUSTIN-316 fires a burst into the body of the MARINE, then continues through several other twisty hallways. As he nears a central junction, he hears a raging firefight in the distance. He approaches stealthily, sizing up the scene. There are several MARINES at the near end of the hallway, with a sizable CONVENT FORCE on the other side, complete with portable shields and TURRETS, manned by RUNTS. The CONVENT are laying down effective suppressing fire, pinning the MARINES down.\_

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\***: Hey, look. It's the Chief!

\_Several plasma bolts stitch the crossbeam the PVT is hiding behind.\_

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\***: Shut up over there! Don't draw fire, it pisses off the guys around you!

\_Several bolts of plasma, including an overcharged shot from a plasma pistol, pock the beam in front of the SGT.\_

\_WHACK\_

**\*\*Marine LCPL\*\***: (kneeling next to SGT) That's for bein a hypocrite, Sarge!

\_A huge CLANG reverberates through the ship.\_

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\***: What the hell...?

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: The Convent are using our liferaft airlocks to attach boarding craft. VERY clever. Smarter than I would've thought.

\_The BASTARD CHIEF, seeing a dead EL337 corpse nearby, raids it for grenades, and finds several. He hefts one and, igniting it, manages to launch it 40 meters down the hallway, right onto the faceplate of the EL337 commanding the BOARDING PARTY.\_

**\*\*EL337\*\***: RAAAAUUUUGGGGGHHHH...

\_BOOM! The grenade explodes, sending the EL337's body flying, landing next to a nearby TURRET.\_

**\*\*Runt manning Turret\*\***: Ohmigod, d00d! The EL337 just got OWN3D! Look!

\_As the rest of the CONVENT BOARDING PARTY gathers around to look, they fail to notice the explosion of the first grenade lit off the remaining plasma grenades on the EL337's Bat-Utility belt.\_

**\*\*Jackalope\*\***: Guess that leaves me in...

\_WHUMP!\_

\_Several CONVENT body parts fly past the BASTARD CHIEF and the MARINES, leaving blood trails down the hall.\_

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\***: Good work, Chief! Come on, Marines, we are LEAVING!

**\*\*Captain Morgan (VO on shipwide intercom)\*\***: Attention All Hands! This is the Captain. Please drink responsibly, and always have a designated driver. Captain's Orders!

Oh, and...ABANDON SHIP!

\_AUSTIN-316 makes his way through several passageways, until coming to a wall with a clearsteel view into space.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna (VO)\*\***: The life rafts are launching...we should hurry.

\_Yet ANOTHER EXPLOSION rocks the ship. Blast doors drop, closing off the way to the nearby liferaft bay.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna (VO)\*\***: Warning, blast doors closing. We need to find another way...ahhh, we'll use the ships maintenance accesses. There. Follow the nav point and it will lead you to the entrance.

\_The CHIEF follows the directions to the entrance to the maintenance accessway. He enters and makes several turns through the narrow passages, coming out behind a line of CONVENT, engaged in a massive firefight with several MARINES. AUSTIN-316 quickly sneaks behind a nearby EL337....\_

\_WHACK\_

\_The BASTARD CHIEF uses the EL337's limp body as an alien shield, and points its plasma rifle, burning holes in the nearby RUNTS and JACKALOPES.\_

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\***: running up Wow, thanks Chief! You really saved our bacon!

\_The Marines line up and begin boarding the last landing craft. As they do so, another EXPLOSION (!) blows through the wall behind the MARINES and BASTARD CHIEF, ripping several MARINES to shreds, and tossing one into the bay between the HALLWAY and the LIFERAFT. He cowers there, terror preventing him from moving.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: \_picking the Marine up by his belt\_ Come on, son, get the lead out.

\_AUSTIN-316 tosses the MARINE PVT into the LIFERAFT, then steps inside himself, sealing the door behind him.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Punch it!

**\*\*Marine Pilot\*\***: You got it, Chief! Let's rock!

EXT SPACEâ€”view of the \_Pillar of Gotham\_

\_As the LIFERAFT shoots free of the ship, its engines engage and it barrels out into space, heading directly for the BAGEL\_

INT Liferaftâ€”SPACE

**\*\*Marine PFC\*\***: Uh-RAH, one express elevator to hell, goin DOWN!

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Look.

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\***: What IS that thing, el-tee?

**\*\*Marine Pilot\*\***: Looks like a Bagel in Space, to me. At least it'll keep us fed for a few years.

EXT SPACEâ€”LIFERAFT, BG \_Pillar of Gotham\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: I knew it! The \_Gotham\_ is swerving all over the place...the Captain's driving drunk again!

INT LIFERAFT

**\*\*Marine Pilot\*\***: Heads up, everyone, this is it. Approaching the Bagel's atmosphere in five...four...three...

**\*\*For-Tuna (VO to Chief)\*\***: Sure you wouldn't rather take a seat?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: \_taking hold of a red bar marked "EMERGENCY EXIT HATCHâ€”DO NOT OPEN UNLESS ON GROUND\_" We'll be fine.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: If I still had an ass, I'd be hanging on to it...

And thus ends the beginning.

## 2. BAGEL

HALO: Combat Dissolved

Humorous Version

In Script Format

Based upon the Halo Game Script by "Wesker"

A/N: Well, lots of kind words on Chapter One. Glad you guys like it so far. Someone pointed out there already IS a "HALO: Combat Devolved" story on so out of respect for that author's work, I am changing the working title of mine to Combat Dissolved. We'll see if that sticks.

Just a point of info for everyoneâ€”but the "Humorous Versions" started out as \_Star Wars\_ related items on boards back in 1999 with \_The Phantom Menace\_. They were basically round-robin stories based loosely on the internet-published scripts. Many thanks to the originators of the "Humorous Version" ideology: study3600, Purp, DarthVacuous, and those who contributed to the SW Hvs... of course, in that light, if you have any good ideas with regards to jokes or gags, let me know.

Also, I apologize for the late updateâ€”I spent a week out at an Army Reserve installation doing active training for the State Guard, so I do have **\*\*something\*\*** of an excuse... ;)

On to the story...

\*\*

\* \* \*

>Chapter 2â€”BAGEL <strong>

EXT BAGELâ€”atmosphere

\_The LIFERAFT from the Pillar in Gotham rockets through the upper atmosphere, deploying its sail-like AIRBRAKES in an attempt to slow down.\_

INT Life Raft cockpit

**\*\*Marine Pilot\*\***: Damn! The airbrakes are failing...deployed too soon. We're losing her! Brace for impact!

\_The BASTARD CHIEF braces himself, holding firmly onto the RED BAR marked "EMERGENCY ESCAPE HATCH, DO NOT OPEN UNLESS ON THE GROUND!"\_

EXT BAGELâ€”atmosphere

\_The LIFERAFT continues descending, the sail-like AIRBRAKES breaking off. RETRO THRUSTERS from the nose fire, as the RAFT plummets toward the ground.\_

FADE to BLACK

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Chief! Chief! Are you alright? Chief?

INT LIFERAFT

\_The CHIEF stirs slightly, looking around. The back ESCAPE HATCH is wide open. There are several BODIES strewn nearby.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: The others...scanning. It appears they died from

injuries sustained by a fall from a great height.

\_The BASTARD CHIEF quickly removes his hand from the EMERGENCY ESCAPE HATCH BAR.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Really? Well, that's interesting. Wonder how that happened. We should probably get moving before the Convent show up to check the crash out.

EXT BAGELâ€”liferaft crash site

\_The BASTARD CHIEF walks amongst the corpses, rummaging through their load-bearing equipment, scavenging ammo, grenades, and weapons.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Alert! Convent dropship inbound. We should try to hide.

\_AUSTIN-316 tries to fit in amongst the CORPSES.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: What the hell are you doing?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: You said hide. No place better to hide than right under their noses. Don't worry, we'll fit right in.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: (uncertain) I hope you know what you're doing...

\_A C-shaped CONVENT DROPSHIP looms into view overhead. It settles about 30 meters up-spin. Its side panels open and disgorge a RECON SQUAD, consisting of 4 RUNTS, 2 JACKALOPES, and an EL337 COMMANDO. They file out and begin cautiously searching the crash site.\_

**\*\*Runt One\*\***: \_Walking up to the BASTARD CHIEF, who is laying on the ground\_ Look! Look what I found!

\_The rest of the RECON SQUAD circles around AUSTIN-316.\_

**\*\*EL337 Commando\*\***: (speaking Swaheili) Subtitled: It appears to be the augmented human that the Archbishops mentioned... the Demon. Runts! Pick him up and we'll load him into the dropship!

\_The RUNTS each go to an arm or leg and attempt to lift AUSTIN-316. They manage to lift him barely an inch off the ground.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: \_Looking at the Runt holding his right arm\_ Take me to your leader.

\_AUSTIN-316 flexes his arm, sending the RUNT flying into a nearby TREE, cracking its skull. He kicks his legs together, crushing the two RUNTS holding them with a satisfying THWACK. He reaches to his belt, grabbing and igniting a PLASMA GRENADE, which he sticks to the final RUNT, tossing the RUNT into the waiting JACKALOPES and EL337.\_

\_WHUMP\_

\_Corpses fly everywhere as the grenade explodes\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** I give that an 8 overall. 10 for ballsiness, 9 for imagination, but only 6 for intelligence. They COULD have killed you. There's two of us in here now, you know.

\_AUSTIN-316 gets up and shakes off the grass and blood. Collecting his weapons, he moves out, crossing a deep ravine by means of a single long support beam. As soon as he reaches the other side, a line of plasma bolts stitches the ground as his feet.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Look! Up there! It's a bird...no...a plane...

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Whatever it is, it's shooting at us!

\_AUSTIN-316 ducks behind a large group of boulders, firing at the CONVENT aircraft with his MA-5B. After several strafing runs, the AIRCRAFT are smoking and sparking from the BASTARD CHIEF's return fire. They wobble off over the horizon.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** That was close. Hmmm...interesting. I'm reading another liferaft beacon over the rise. We should go check it out.

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Ahhh hell. I've got nothin better to do.

\_AUSTIN-316 makes his way down-spin, staying behind rocks and trees for cover and concealment. He comes across a patrol of RUNTS, taking them out at range with shots from his scoped pistol. He continues out into a clearing, where there is a large structure, surrounded by UNSC MARINES. Several MARINES walk up to admire the CHIEF's armor.\_

EXT Clearingâ€"by a large unknown structure

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:** Wow, hey look. That's shiny.

**\*\*Marine PFC\*\*:** (nodding his head) Oohhh...shiinnnnnyyyy...

\_The SQUAD LEADER approaches the group.\_

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\*:** (to the MARINES) What the HELL are you idiots doing? \_WHACK\_ Get your maggot-ridden corpses back to work fortifying this location! (to the CHIEF) Sorry, Chief. You know young Marines...they see something shiny and get all distracted. Anyways, I'm glad to see ya. It seems we're well and truly screwed. The liferafts are scattered all over this valley...we've called for evac, but I haven't gotten a response. Until you showed up, I thought we were hosed.

**\*\*Marine LCPL(VO on radio)\*\*:** Sarge! We got inbound Convent Dropships!

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Well, seems you spoke too soon, Sergeant. (nodding to self) It's time to kick ass and chew bubble gum...and I'm alllll outta gum.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO to Austin)\*\*:** Where the hell do you GET these lines?



**\*\*Austin-316(to For-Tuna)\*\*:** You've never played Duke Nukem? You're missing out...

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO to Austin)\*\*:** (exasperated) Men...

\_As another C-shaped CONVENT DROPSHIP approaches, the MARINES and AUSTIN-316 make their way to the top of the structure. There, AUSTIN-316 finds a huge stash of weapons, ammo, and medikits.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Hey Sergeant...you mean to say that all your men **\*\*and\*\*** all your equipment survived the crash...**\*\*and\*\*** you managed to set up an armory and fortified position in less than 10 minutes?

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\*:** Well, Chief, ya got a point. Ordinarily no. But this is the "easy" difficulty.

\_MARINE SGT and AUSTIN-316 look meaningfully at the PLAYER.\_

**\*\*Player One\*\*:** Heh...you guys want Legendary, no problem, just let me...

**\*\*Marine SGT and Austin-316\*\*:** (in unison) No, no, no! Wait!

**\*\*Player One\*\*:** That's what I thought.

\_As the DROPSHIP glides to a hover over a clearing about 60 meters away, it lowers and opens its sides, releasing a squad of RUNTS, JACKALOPES, and two EL337s. They make their way towards the UNKNOWN STRUCTURE.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Hey Chief...bet you can't make a field goal from here.

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** You're on.

\_AUSTIN-316 takes a plasma grenade from his belt, dropping it and kicking it on the activation stud. The grenade flies towards the CONVENT SQUAD, igniting in mid-flight, landing at the feet of a JACKALOPE in the center of the formation.\_

**\*\*Jackalope\*\*:** \_Looking down\_ ...uh-oh...

\_WHUMP...pieces of Jackalope, Runt, and EL337 rain down on the Marines.\_

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:** GOAL!

**\*\*Marine CPL\*\*:** Damn, Chief, if this war ever ends, every UNFL team left in the League is going to want to sign you!

**\*\*John Madden(VO)\*\*:** Now you see, if you'll just direct your attention to the screen here (view changes to slo-mo replay of the Chief's punt of the grenade), that the Chief's perfect arc on that kick (a line appears tracing it) allowed it to sail for that perfect scoring shot...

(view changes to slo-mo replay of CONVENT SQUAD)

**\*\*Jackalope\*\***: \_eyes widening as grenade lands at its feet \_...  
uh...oh...

\_WHUUMMMMMMP...\_

**\*\*EL337 #1\*\***: RAAAAAAUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHH... \_tries to shield self  
behind JACKALOPES but is caught in the blast as well\_

\_As the bright light clears in SLO-MO, we see the entire CONVENT  
SQUAD laying hither and yon...some in more pieces than  
others.\_

**\*\*John Madden(VO)\*\***: Now let's get some  
commentary...Terry?

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: I think you've said enough already.

**\*\*John Madden(VO)\*\***: I'm just warming up. We have a whole half-hour  
post-battle show to do.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Your show just got canceled. (to Chief) I think  
I've isolated his signal, Chief. We won't be hearing more of him  
anymore.

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Bout damn time. He's almost as irritating as  
Coach.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Who?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Never mind. That was another life, another time.

\_A PIGEON dropship approaches from up-spin, circling the complex  
erratically\_.

**\*\*Pigeon Pilot(VO)\*\***: ("California Surfer Dude" accent) Whoa...dude.  
This's like...Pigeon dropship Echo 420. Any friendly dudes left alive  
down there?

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Roger, Echo 420. This is Fire Team Charlie. Is that  
you, Hotbox?

**\*\*Pigeon Pilot(VO)\*\***: Like totally. Wha's uuuuup,  
dude?

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Hotbox, we need transportation to the command  
shuttle.

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\***: No prob, Your Hotness.

\_Several UNSC LIFERAFTS speed through the atmosphere  
overhead.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Hey...if WE were on the LAST liferaft, why're they  
landing half an hour AFTER us?

**\*\*Bungie Writer #1\*\***: \_WH...\_

\_WRITER #1 is stopped mid-WHACK by WRITER #2\_

**\*\*Bungie Writer #2\*\***: Wait...this time she's got a point. Common sense, man.

**\*\*Bungie Writer #1\*\***: Hell, he's right. Alright, you get this one free...

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Thank you. So anyhow, what say we go rescue those Marines, Chief?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Do I get a choice?

**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: NO.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Hotbox, we need your WortWortWortHog.

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\***: Ok, dude. Just be sure not to scratch the paint...I JUST got this custom paint job done last time we put in to port.

\_Hotbox's Pigeon circles once more, then expertly glides in to a flat clearing nearby to AUSTIN-316, hovering a few feet above the ground, the WortWortWortHog disengages from the back. AUSTIN-316 takes a minute to examine the paint job: the LRV is covered with five-pointed leaves.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: That's an interesting camo scheme. Poison Ivy?

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\***: \_laughing\_ Dude...for a Chief, you're hella dense.

\_Hotbox's Pigeon dusts off and flies in the direction of the crashed liferafts.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Thanks Hotbox. Be sure to stick around...the Chief has a habit of getting in tight spots, we may need a fast extract. (to the Marine SGT) It's kind of a long drive. We could use someone to play "slugbug" with...

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\***: You got it, ma'am! MOVE, Marines!

\_A MARINE PVT jumps in the passenger seat of the WortWortWortHog, and a MARINE CPL hops in the back, charging the .50 cal machine gun.\_

**\*\*Marine CPL\*\***: Lock n' load, Chief! Let's go!

\_As AUSTIN-316 guns the 'Hog, he aims directly for a rise, punching the gas as he nears the top. The 'Hog flies through the air, getting some decent "hang time" before landing.\_

**\*\*Marine CPL\*\***: Hell yeah!

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\***: Uh-RAH!

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Three-time 4x4 Off-Road Challenge champ here.

\_AUSTIN-316 rides over a stream, finding a square cave opening.\_

\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*: Hmm...interesting. This cave is obviously not a natural formation. Someone must've built it.

\*\*Austin-316\*\*:

Are you going to just spend the rest of this game stating the obvious, or what? Do you do ANYTHING useful?

\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*: Weeeeellll...I've hacked into XBOX Live...we've got a free lifetime subscription. (pause) They're transmitting billing information on unencrypted channels...suckers. We should show them who they're dealing with. I'm going to use your suit's COM system to hijack credit card numbers.

\*\*Austin-316\*\*:

(obviously impressed) Hm. What about the Convent?

\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*: Oh. Them. Analyzing... (short pause) ... well, it seems they're not doing much but playing QUAKE3 on their net. Just a second, Chief... (long pause) oh boy, they're mad now. I just waxed the EL337 Fleet Commander in QUAKE, raided his personal image files, and sent nudie pics of his wife to the entire Convent Fleet. That should tie up their net for a while.

\_AUSTIN-316 and the MARINES continue into the cave formation, jumping a couple of small ramps. They then come into a large clearing, at the opposite end of which is a huge chasm, with no apparent way to cross. To make things worse, the clearing is filled with bloodthirsty CONVENT troops. Several plasma bolts whiz by the 'Hog. The MARINES open fire with the .50 cal and MA-5B. The BASTARD CHIEF dismounts and charges ahead to meet the CONVENT up close and personal.\_

INT BAGELâ€"Large Chasm

\_AUSTIN-316 charges into a group of RUNTS and JACKALOPES, bringing out his Ka-Bar knife and doing a little wetwork, carving, hacking, and slashing. An EL337 rushes towards AUSTIN-316, but is shredded by a hail of .50 cal rounds. The area clear, AUSTIN-316 returns to the Hog.\_

\*\*Marine CPL\*\*:

That looks like all of them, Chief. So...how do we get across?

\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:

Hey, look. There's a landing up there. Why not go check it out?

\*\*Austin-316\*\*:

Great idea, Private. Get to it.

\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:

Sorry, Chief...I can only follow you around. We weren't given independent squad movement AI.

\*\*Bungie Programmers\*\*:

Awww come ON. We DID have to ship the game, you know...

\*\*Austin-316\*\*:

Well hell. Guess I'm doing everything by myself, huh?

\_AUSTIN-316 dismounts and heads up the ramp to the landing, rounding

the corner and running face-first into an EL337 COMMANDO.\_

**\*\*EL337 Commando\*\***: What the...? Err, that is...I mean...  
"OWN3D"...

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Wait. You speak English?

**\*\*EL337 Commando\*\***: Uhhhh...no entiendo. No hablo ingles. Solamente espanol. (Subtitle: I don't understand. I don't speak English. Only Spanish.)

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: (reading the subtitle) Oh. Well how'd you learn English? Not to mention Spanish? (Subtitle: Oh. Asi como se puede aprender ingles? Y tambien espanol?)

**\*\*Player One\*\***: What kinda cutscene is this?

**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: Yeah, what the hell?

**\*\*Author\*\***: No sâ€"t.

\_A large anvil falls on the EL337 COMMANDO, killing him instantly.\_

**\*\*Bungie Writers\*\***: Plot convenience! We like that. But an anvil? How likely is THAT?

\_WHACK\_

**\*\*Author\*\***: Hey, it's more original than a "random" explosion.

\_AUSTIN-316 shrugs and makes his way to the landing, where there are several glowing holographic displays. He begins pushing buttons at random. Below, two large nacelles extend across the chasm, emitting an energy beam.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\***: Now THAT'S a cool special effect.

**\*\*Bungie Graphic Designers\*\***: Damn straight.

\_AUSTIN-316 makes his way back down to the 'Hog, jumping in and driving towards the energy bridge. As they make their way across, they encounter light resistance, then drive through another cavern towards the surface.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\***: Hm. There's traffic on the Convent battle net. It seems the Fleet Commander's wife is quite the hot topic, if you catch my drift. It also seems that a lot more crew made it off the \_Gotham\_ than I first thought. Captain Morgan really gave them hell. If we can find Morgan and the other crew members, we can really organize a union and set up some resistance.

\_AUSTIN-316 moves on through several more passageways, again opening into a vast valley, conveniently bordered by impassable cliffs. Nearby there is a LIFERAFT, with several bodies strewn about, and gear lying everywhere.\_

EXT Bagelâ€"large valley

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Hmm...seems someone ELSE had the bright idea of using the emergency escape hatch release as a handgrip, as well.

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Great minds think alike?

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:** Nothing for us here, Chief. Let's move on.

\_The WortWortWortHog barrels over several hills, across a river, and down a steep ravine, coming to an area with several other buildings. Nearby is another downed LIFERAFT\_

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:** Hmm...there's no bodies. They must've left the area...they might be in those structures.

\_WHACK\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Overstating the obvious is MY job...

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:** \_rubbing the back of his head \_Yes, ma'am.

\_AUSTIN-316 and the MARINES aboard the Hog dismount and proceed towards the structures where several MARINES are taking cover\_

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\*:** Good to see you, Chief!

**\*\*Marine LCPL\*\*:** The Cavalry has arrived!

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** I've called for an evac.

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\*:** Prep for extract, pronto, Marines!

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** Whoa, hey...like...Echo uhmmm...420. (aside to someone else) Yeah, that's right, isn't it? (murmur in background) Yeah, uhmmm...Echo-420 to For-Tuna. What's up, foxy lady?

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** (obviously irritated) We've found survivors, they need immediate extract.

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** Dude, sure. No prob, bob.

\_Hotbox's PIGEON flies around the COMPLEX, spewing smoke from the windows and back bay door.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Hotbox, your ship is smoking everywhere. Are you hit?

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** (playing in background: Steppenwolf "Magic Carpet Ride")Naw, dude. Why you think they call me "Hotbox"?

\_Hotbox's PIGEON hovers into a clearing and lowers the back ramp. The MARINES pile in, doing their best to hold their breath as the dank smell (or smell of dank?) boils forth from the rear hatch of the PIGEON. When the MARINES have boarded, the PIGEON closes its back ramp and starts to fly off.\_

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** Oh, dude. Almost forgot to tell youâ€”I saw another

liferaft when I was comin in. It's like...somewhere by a...what do you call those things?

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** A mountain?

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** No...they're by mountains...uhmmmm...

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** A valley?

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** Nope..uhmmmm...

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:** A ravine?

**\*\*Marine SGT\*\*:** A saddle?

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** No...uhmm...they make guides about books...you know, so you can do a book report without having to read it...

**\*\*All\*\*:** Cliffs?

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** YEAH! That's it! Damn, you guys are smart...

\_The GROUP re-mounts the Hog and begins driving back the way they came, through the same valley, which is now populated by RUNTS and JACKALOPES. AUSTIN-316 runs them down with the HOG.\_

**\*\*Marine CPL\*\*:** Fifty points!

\_The Hog heads upwards through a pass in a mountain, coming out in a...\_

EXTâ€"Rocky Clearingâ€"Day

\_Several MARINES are engaged in a hellacious firefight with a group of RUNTS, JACKALOPES, and EL337s. The large rocks strewn everywhere make it impassable to the WortHog. AUSTIN-316 and the MARINES dismount.\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Move out and draw fire!

**\*\*Marines\*\*:** Uuuuuhhh-rahhhh!

\_All charge in, spraying fire and ventilating RUNTS, EL337s, and JACKALOPES, taking out the whole group in short order.\_

**\*\*Marines on Ridge\*\*:** Wow, good to see ya, Chief! Thanks for the assist!

**\*\*Hotbox(VO on radio)\*\*:** Hey, For-Tuna...I'm back and ready for more Marines.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Good work, Hotbox. Your LZ is secure.

\_The PIGEON drops in, smoke still pouring from the windows and rear bay, it lands in the least rocky area and lowers the back ramp. The STRANDED MARINES pile in, several retching as they enter the smelly dropship.\_

\_AUSTIN-316 and his MARINES re-mount the WortHog.\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** We're heading off to find the last liferaft.

AUSTIN-316 drives the Hog back through the pass and towards a large clearing\_

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Warning. Apparently the Convent have secured the Pillar in Gotham\_'s crash site. The good news is that the Captain is still alive. The bad news is the Captain didn't finish off the drinks...the Convent have captured all of the remaining liquor stores. Let's hurry up and find the last liferaft so we can rescue the booze.

AUSTIN-316 pulls around a corner, seeing several CONVENT RUNTs attacking a squad of MARINES who're set up inside. AUSTIN-316 watches from a distance.\_

**\*\*Marine CPL\*\*:** Hey Chief. Aren't we gonna go help?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Nah, they got it.

As the MARINES are over-run and outgunned, the CONVENT forces turn towards the Worthog and charge\_

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Ok, maybe not. Open fire!

The MARINES open fire with the .50 cal and the MA-5B, cutting the CONVENT down with a hail of hot lead.\_

**\*\*Marine PVT\*\*:** Get some!

**\*\*Hotbox(VO on radio)\*\*:** Hey...Hotbox here...conveniently back and ready when the fighting's over...

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Yeah...how DO you know when the fighting's done? And why're you talking normally now?

**\*\*Hotbox(VO)\*\*:** Well, I was monitoring your radio traffic, so I'd know when to pick you up. Oh, and I stopped smoking out...the Convent also captured my stash of weed. Gotta make what I've got last, ya know. Where's the Marines?

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** Oh...they uhhhh...were dead before we arrived. We're ready for pick-up.

**\*\*For-Tuna(VO)\*\*:** Hate to break up the chat, but I've intercepted some Convent transmissions and found Captain Morgan! He's being held on a Convent Cruiserâ€”the Tyranny and Capitulation\_...a ship I disabled before the MAC-n-cheese cannon on the \_Gotham\_ was destroyed. They touched down on an open desert about 300 klicks up-spin. Let's go get the Captain!

**\*\*Austin-316\*\*:** You heard the lady. Hotbox, get your dope-head ass down here. We've got work to do.

The PIGEON pulls in overhead, AUSTIN-316 and the MARINES pile out of the Hog, while Hotbox pulls in to position. AUSTIN-316 reattaches the Hog and everyone piles in to the PIGEON.\_



\* \* \*

>End of Chapter Two. <p>Endnote: There wasn't as much comedic material to work with in this chapter...so I hope you don't think I'm slipping in my talents. ;)<p>

Next chapter should be a little more interesting... and a little more timely.

End  
file.